

## Budding Barrymores Will Go Over Big To-Night

### ATTACK MADE ON "CANADIAN ORATOR'S" FAILURE TO PRESENT LOGICAL VIEW

#### PROSCENIUM PARAGRAPHS

For the past few weeks the wheels of industry in class dramatics have been revolving with increasing energy and velocity. The raw material, consisting of plays and players, has been in the mould: skilled hands have been shaping the destinies of the various years in their efforts to grasp that coveted trophy, the Interyear Play Shield: at first slowly, now swiftly, the productions have been imparted finished and polished for their appearance on the boards of Convocation Hall tonight.

Gifted with speech and the will to tell, what a tale those same boards could relate! To what a vast assortment of ends and effects have they been stamped, danced and tip-toed upon during the years since the inauguration of the Interyear Play Competition! What preparations have gone on over, around and on them! Yet once

again this year little snatches of life will be represented on that same stage: still another assortment of peoples and things will appear; other and different voices uttering other and different thoughts will ring through to the weary walls and maybe echo faintly to and fro after the actual excitement is over and the players gone.

This play production business is no child's game, nor is it an example of one of those anomalous tasks which anyone can undertake given the desire and the time in which to fulfill it.

#### INTERMEDIATE TEAM OPENS FRIDAY P.M.

Double-header Features Opener at Arena Rink—Varsity vs. Namayo and Navy vs. Burns

The Varsity Intermediate team will face Namayo in the Intermediate League opener at Arena Rink, Friday evening at 8 p.m. The schedule is already drawn up, and after a period of training the boys are out to scalp the opposition. Several last year's players are in uniform again, and the team is augmented by addition of several promising Freshmen.

All the games this year are double-headers—seven of these are to be played at Varsity Rink and five will be played at the Arena.

This year the schedule is beginning earlier and keen competition is expected. Here is a branch of Varsity sport which recruits material for senior teams. They deserve our whole-hearted support. Let's give it to them. The following players are included in this year's roster: Anderson, Burgess, Bowles, Eric Austin, Clarence Cook, Thompson, Cawker, Badner, Cruickshank, McElroy, Kennedy, Gordon and Cornett.

#### RUGBY EQUIPMENT

Ample opportunity has been given all members of the Rugby Club to turn in their rugby equipment, but in checking the inventory it has been noted that certain items of equipment are still out. If these are not turned in by Friday, Dec. 11th, we shall be reluctantly compelled to hand the matter over to the Students' Union, who may take any action they see fit.

BILL ROBINSON,  
Central Check.

#### MEETING OF CERCLE ON DECEMBER 2

Très Intéressante Causerie du Père Fortier

Le 2 décembre une nombreuse assistance eut le plaisir d'entendre une charmante causerie donnée par le père Fortier. Il nous parla des humoristes canadiens en nous lisant de nombreux extraits de leurs oeuvres. Le président au nom du Cercle remercia le conférencier; puis il demanda aux étudiants s'intéressant à la musique le bien vouloir offrir leurs services pour la prochaine séance qui sera sous forme de concert.

#### BASKETBALL OPENS WEDNESDAY P.M.

Play Exhibition Game With Y. M. C. A.—Varsity in Great Shape

Men's basketball operations will begin Wednesday evening when the senior team opposes Y.M.C.A. in an exhibition feature in Varsity Gym. Coaches indicate a well-oiled basketball machine. We doubt if we shall miss our lost ones as much as was first indicated. Now, these boys have worked hard—get out and support them—they're worth it!

The probable lineup is as follows: Guards: "Buzz" Fenerty, Jimmie McBeth, Vi Woods, Frank Kennedy. Centre: Mert Keel.

Forwards: Bob Anderson, Bill Pulishy, Ad Donaldson, Frank Richards. Remember, folks! Varsity Gym—Wednesday, 8:30 — Varsity Gym—Turn out!

it. Skill in every department of the organization alone can spell success. Skill is born either of a long period of learning or of an innate aptitude and examples of both types are required to ensure the unmitigated glory of perfect play production. Herein we have need both of the dreamer and the doer. This year's entertainment has already been acclaimed as indicative of being by far the best in years. Backstage, eager co-operation is the keynote of the organization: preparedness is its aim. The scenic effects are to be modernistic: fundamentally and in result they are to be simple and effective. Novel lighting will be introduced, for upon this hangs the success of one, at any rate, of the productions. The acting is to be of very high standard if early promise is any criterion of the eventual presentation.

#### Fresh a Real Treat

Concerning the Freshmen, we say once and for all that the measure of self-praise which they handed themselves through the medium of "F. P. Mac" in a recent issue of The Gateway is unquestionably deserved, even if it is a little startling. The degree of success with which they are handling Mr. Shaw's slapstick nonsense is very marked. The Freshmen's play, "Passions, Poisons and Petrifications," forms a very genuine threat to the other classes. The material upon which the personnel are working is superbly clever. There is as much, or possibly more, art in conceiving twaddle as there is in conceiving realities. When a gentleman of the calibre of Mr. Shaw turns his most august attention to any aspect of human nature the existence of that aspect becomes astonishingly and increasingly evident. There is doubtless a considerable quota of Shawian Communism or Socialism or Fabianism among the intrinsic ethical ingredients of this play. It does not admit of more than one interpretation and, consequently, if that interpretation is permitted to give way to any other, the show is to prove a very complete and absolute flop. But Class '35 have recognized the requisite atmosphere and have striven to the degree registering almost complete perfection in creating it. As we pointed out in a previous article, their chief difficulty lies in their having to burlesque an atmosphere which in itself is hard enough to attain. We are confident that they are overcoming it.

The clarion voice of Mr. Maurice Sanderson, director of "Passions, Poisons and Petrifications," has rung out valiantly and to amazing purpose. In Mr. Sanderson Class '35 have a really good director. His production is sufficient witness to the truth of this commendation. Nor is the class lacking in acting talent. Among the ladies Miss Mary McMullen, as "Phyllis," stands out supreme. She has a lovely carrying voice and acts with wonderful ease a most trying part. Miss Magdalena Polly ("Lady Magnesia Fitztollemache") and Miss Audrey Grigg ("The Landlady") are also very impressive. They give all they have in the good cause of achieving dramatic perfection. Among the men in the cast it is very hard to choose. Eric Johnson as "Adolphus Bastable," alternating dying and recovering, repenting and repining, is really extremely good, but again Charles Perkins as "George Fitztollemache" is superb in an almost harder role. These two carry the show along marvelously. Mr. Perkins especially having the thoroughly fatuous spirit of the piece at heart. F. MacDonald ("The Doctor") and Chester Prevey ("The Policeman") also make valuable contributions to the success of the farce.

To summarize, we can but repeat that the Freshmen are making a most determined bid for the trophy of this evening and, further, that the smooth finish of their production establishes

(Continued on page 6)

#### CLIP THE COUPON!

Students who wish to be in line for a handsome prize have only to clip the coupon attached to the Public Drug Company's ad in this week's Gateway, sign their name, and hand the slips in to the Public Drug store. In a few days, two lucky slips will be drawn by The Gateway editor, and the lucky persons get two handsome prizes donated by the Public Drug Co.

#### MR. J. J. MALONEY'S CHRISTIAN APOLOGETICS

We have commented in the last two editions of this paper on the activities of the self-styled orator, Mr. J. J. Maloney, who has been holding forth here for the past few weeks. It is our desire to make one final statement in relation to the attitude of this paper towards Mr. Maloney.

The Gateway is published to stimulate in its readers an interest in University matters and in matters of general interest or of general importance. The University itself is open to all denominations and all nationalities. We desire to make it plain that we do not encourage in this University the type of religious discussion which has as its aim the revival or continuance of animosities and antagonisms which should have been forgotten centuries ago. We wish to maintain harmony and respect for each other in our religious views. Further, we certainly hold no brief for any particular religious denomination, and in mentioning some of them in this article it is because of the conclusions we wish to draw.

Some of our law students advise us that where it is evident that one material part of a person's evidence is grossly and palpably false it dispenses with the necessity of going more into detail and relieves us of any further necessity of proving the evidence to be from one who is unreliable. Now, our "Canadian Orator" has offered a number of statements as evidence to support his sweeping and emphatic generalizations. In some cases, of course, with an astounding contempt for logic, he has stated conclusions but has brought forth no concrete facts to support them. In these cases, where there is no evidence, there is nothing to prove false. Let us take some of the evidence which he has offered us, though, and see how it stands up under investigation. If it is shown to be grossly and palpably false, then the whole of the "Orator's" body of contentions is discredited. From among some of the allegations made in an attempt to justify his general statements, Mr. Maloney has cited the following:

1. The Precious Blood Monastery on 100 Avenue and 111 Street is exempt from taxation. The FACT is that the Assessor's Office has proof that this institution pays upwards of \$1,500 taxes annually.

2. He has referred several times to a statue in Quebec which is supposed to represent a Catholic priest with his foot on a Protestant with the obvious intention of crushing him.

Inquiries made in regard to this statue (familiar to many), disclose that the work represents the figure of St. Ignatius with his foot on the head of Satan, and symbolizes the triumph of good over evil.

3. At one of his meetings he read a statement purporting to be from a certain young woman to the effect that she had been a member of the Precious Blood Community, and containing salacious allegations against the Sisters and ridiculous statements about their treatment of her.

As Mr. Maloney must have known (if he investigated, as we did), the FACT is that this woman was never a member of ANY religious community, but was placed as a ward of the Government in the Corrective Class of the Good Shepherd Institution. If Mr. Maloney knew of this fact then he demonstrated malice in ignoring it, and showed that he cares little to what he stoops to slandering people.

It is not amiss, surely, to suggest that in future the "Orator" pay greater attention to the truth of his premises before he suffers his genius to hurry him to conclusions.

We do not propose to go any further in showing the fallacies of the arguments of the "Canadian Orator." We have already stated above that when one material part of a person's evidence is shown to be grossly false, the whole of that person's evidence is discredited, his hearers knowing that since it falls from the lips of an irresponsible man it ought not to be entertained.

The "Orator's" oratory is an example of strong assertions without proof and declamation without argument, of censure without dignity or moderation, with neither correctness in the composition nor judgment in the design. Our country is at present involved in many dangerous difficulties, we are beset with economic problems which demand the co-operation of every citizen and of every class of the community—if there is one thing which will extricate us from our present plight, it is unity and solidarity. A man who in times such as these seeks to set sections of the community at variance with one another, who seeks to disrupt society by inflaming it with lurid and fictitious scandals and to arouse enmity and hatred by means of meretricious generalizations based on utter lies, is nothing more than a demagogue and a danger to society.

## Seniors Take Losing End of 2-1 Score--Play Soops Sat.

Al Hall, "Dooley" Ross, King and Tollington Star for Alberta—Varsity Puts Up Great Fight

Well, folks, it's a long time since station BULL, sponsored by E.D.C., has been on the air, and perhaps after reading this article it will be longer still before he is heard from again. But I'd like to give you a few hairbrained impressions of the hockey game Tuesday evening at the Varsity Rink. To say we were beaten—that's the truth—for corroboration please see score. To say we were outclassed—it's a lie. Our boys put up as nice a game as you'd want to see—clean, full of thrills and 60 minutes of bang-up hockey. Chris Fridfinnson, coach, is to be congratulated on the team's showing. With more training and conditioning, before the winter is out we confidently expect our team to be a topnotcher. I think we had a decided break when, with only one defence man to beat, Al Hall pulled the rip cord on his interminable bag of tricks, and the result was a clean goal that beat Baird all the way. But the Imps had plenty of breaks too. Their goals were fought for to the last, and how that first one slipped past is still a wonder, even to Stonewall Dooley himself. Now on our team there are others who played stellar hockey. Don Gibson played a fine game. At times we expected more from him, but the way he steps in and bodies the opposition is a treat to watch. Time and again he was through for what looked like a certain tally, but he was a bit

weak on the net. Perhaps a bit over-anxious. We really must keep that Freshette at home the next game. Al, you played your usual fine game, and you gave us treats and thrills aplenty. "Sugar-Beet" King, known for his interest in Magrath and other "Sugars" in general, was going wild-fire. Fred is small, but he packs speed and experience with a certain deftness of stick which is all Houdini for the enemy. But what gave me a thrill was little Guy Kinnear. He emulated his 17th century friend, and the gunpowder and dynamite he fired put us in mind of England, November 5. Guy is a comer. And Jack McConnell was good too; a little shaky at times on the attack, but there in the pinches. Clements made valiant attempts; a little more coaching will bring this boy along. He has speed and skates nicely. Parks showed up well the few minutes he was on. Well, then, there's Dooley Ross—but why talk about him. He's Dooley—THE DOOLEY (now out of circulation, Freshettes). Mr. Hugh Ross was phenomenal, but that's nothing new. Personally, I like Gordie Tollington's playing. Here's a fast kid, can skate, handle a stick, plays clean, flashy hockey, and he's the one man on the team beside "Sugar-Beet" who really backchecks. Gordie was not going in old-time style Tuesday, but, friends, I advise you, look him over and don't overlook him. Klassen is

#### WE WENT TO A PROM—

With a sinuous, mysterious Egyptian motif carried throughout the evening, both in music and decoration (not to mention the punch) the Junior Prom, that most popular of the university functions, passed into, or rather made, history last Friday night. "The best of the year" is the general comment, but one is at a loss to say. When one has a better time at each successive dance, how is one to present any standard?

The depression motif, which has been carried out in the decoration scheme of all the formals so far, was quite in evidence. With the exception of a temple of Isis in front of which the orchestra held forth, and four or five pseudo-sarcophagi that dangled menacingly from the ceiling, the dining hall in Athabasca was innocent of make-up. After all, we don't eat in Athabasca, so we didn't care. But to a residence man, who sees those four walls every day and three times a day during his stay at Varsity, the scanty mask that the the Juniors used for mural decoration would scarcely tend to obliterate reminiscences of wretched rarebit. In comparison to the heavily decorated halls of 1930, the current tendency of this term is to leave a certain feeling of nudity.

The Varsity orchestra was good. It has been good, and probably will be good. The unfortunate habit that many Prom committees of the past got into of hiring overtown orchestras was happily disposed of this year. It is generally felt that the university jazz producers can hold their own with most orchestras, and their performance last Friday would certainly justify this opinion.

By the time we got around to supper, we were hungry. We wish to take this opportunity of extending to the Prom dance committee our heartiest congratulations for the wiper they served. It was one of the best we have ever eaten at a Varsity

his speedy self and was very effective. Hell, yes, where were the opposition? Oh, they were there too (please see score). Power and Graves team up well and seem to bounce the boys plenty. In Baird they have a shifty goalkeeper, a newcomer and a good one. Roxborough and Purcell were in great form, and little Eric Collingwood is speedy on the attack and a real backchecker. But we're wandering. Here are a few highlights on the game. Bell! We're away.

#### First Period

Gibson rushes; he's through, draws Baird out, misses open goal. That's tough, Don. Play seems fast. King rushes, lost to Power; Power and Grove missed open goal; that's great. Roxborough shot wide. Purcell to Grove to Jones, missed. Gibson to Klassen, missed. Al Hall missed the goal, and Dooley made a grand recovery on the return. Collingwood to Roxborough, Clements intercepted and lost to Horne. Dooley made nice save. McConnell is checked; Tollington and Kinnear on. Al Hall missed Kinnear's pass. Tollington playing flashy hockey. Fred King is checked. Gibson missed when he took a header through Grove and Power. Imps rushed, checked; Purcell shot wide. Imps rush again, Hall saves; Hall to Tollington, missed. Tough luck! Baird made great save. King missed a chance. Power shot, hit pipe, lucky old Ross. King did a high dive when Power bounced him. McConnell down right side, shot, missed; missed again. King shot wide. Roxborough is showing up well. Grove off when he tripped Al. Hit 'im, Al, no, he didn't; tough luck again. Purcell made much, wide. Roxborough off for tripping Clements. Grove on. Gibson missed. Tollington missed again. Darn it, Gordie, plunk it in! Grove missed. Al Hall to Tollington; oh boy, just missed; darn me! Oh, gee, boy, that was nearly in. Good old Dooley, grand save. Hall shot wide. Klassen wide, missed again. Grove to Horne; Ross was there. Eric Collingwood just missed. Nice player is Eric. Al Hall playing great game. Tollington from Kinnear, wide. Sugar Beet King right through, but trips; good try, Fred. Gibson shot, Baird saved. Collingwood shot, Ross saved. Bell.

#### Second Period

Tollie missed an open goal. King lost to Power; Power checked by King. King and Tollington through, shot wide. King wide. Power checked by Hall. Hall to Kinnear, checked. Grove to Jones, Gibson hooked him (no, not to the jaw). Gibson lost (the puck), Tollington returns. Jones stole puck from Gordie. Jones to Purcell, missed. Hall all way

(Continued on Page 6)

#### SKATING NOTICE

Manager Hughie Wilson has announced the following dates on which skating will be held at the Varsity Rink:

Friday, Dec. 4.  
Sunday, Dec. 6.  
Wednesday, Dec. 9.  
Friday, Dec. 11.  
Sunday, Dec. 13.  
Wednesday, Dec. 16.  
Friday, Dec. 18.  
Sunday, Dec. 20.

formal, and we might say that we have eaten a good many. And we do like a little dessert to shake down our salad. It was all there.

We had a good time. Everybody had a good time. The floor was crowded—it always is at a Prom—but our bid for the evening was such that we didn't mind not being able to find half of our partners. The committee that deserves this credit for staging the 1931 Prom consisted of G. Meech, P. Hammond, B. Ward, D. Courtney, and L. MacDonald.

Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. McEachran, Mrs. Howes, and Miss Dodd graciously consented to act as patronesses.

#### MUSICAL CLUB ELECTS OFFICERS

The University Musical Club held a well-attended meeting on November 27, for the purpose of electing officers and setting the organization on a permanent footing. The chairman, Mr. J. T. Jones, announced that the next musical programme would be given on December 13 in Convocation Hall. He outlined the steps that had been taken in the organization of the club, and passed on certain recommendations from the charter members.

The officers elected at this meeting were:

President: Mr. L. H. Nichols.  
Vice-President: Mrs. E. K. Broadus.  
Sec.-Treas.: Mr. J. T. Jones.  
Programme Committee: Mr. Nichols, Mrs. O. J. Walker and Mrs. E. G. Spooner.

Membership Committee: Mr. Jones and J. P. Collier.

On his election, Mr. Nichols took the chair and threw the meeting open for suggestions and discussion. It was decided to hold meetings once a month on Sunday afternoons at 3:30; that the membership be open to students, graduates, staff members and their wives; and that the annual fee be fifty cents for students and one dollar for others.

#### NO GATEWAY NEXT WEEK

The next issue of The Gateway will be published on Dec. 17. Feature writers are asked to submit poems and stories as soon as possible for that issue, which will be the Christmas number. Stories not exceeding 5,000 words in length will be acceptable.

#### MINSTREL SHOW WILL MAKE HISTORY HERE

Dec. 8th Will See Varsity's First Attempt at Off-color Humor—Entire Male Cast For a Change

The men of St. Joe's have a treat in store for you on Tuesday night at the Normal School. They have prepared a varied program, centering around the theme, "Black and White." The scene opens in a schoolroom, with Mr. Frank Cante, as Miss Crab, a school teacher. Mr. Hennessey, as Brumme Aiello, A. Fankhurst, and Albert Rader among the pupils, are exceptionally good leaders here. Then comes a minstrel show, ushered in by a chorus and dance. Screamingly funny dialogues, famous old darkey songs and choruses, and a touching love song are all included. Messrs. Prycz, Hollingsworth, and Neptstad need no introduction to University audiences. You'll find them all there—and many more equally as talented.

Some very effective costuming has been designed. Shy little school girls in short skirts, handsome deacons in tuxedos, the prettiest girl in town beautifully gowned, and—just wait till you see those green and gold overalls.

The entertainment is being staged under the direction of Mr. Hennessey, himself a comic of no small ability. To add the last touch, Mrs. J. B. Carmichael and her nine-piece orchestra are going to manage the music.

The whole production is absolutely different from anything ever staged at Varsity. It overflows with light-heartedness. There is a most happy combination of costuming, speaking, acting, and singing. Judge for yourself, next Tuesday, at 8 p.m., at the Normal Auditorium.





## THE GATEWAY

The Undergraduate Newspaper Published Weekly by the  
Students' Union of the University of Alberta  
Gateway Office: Room 102 Arts Building. Phone 32026

Editor-in-Chief ..... Noel Iles  
Managing Editor ..... Albert M. Cairns  
Associate Editors, Mabel R. Conibear, B.A.; F. E. L. Priestley,  
B.A.; Wesley Watts, B.A.; E. A. McCourt, C. Jackson, J. W.  
Chalmers, B.A.  
News Editor ..... Margaret Moore  
Assistant News Editor ..... Margaret E. Smith  
Make-up Editor ..... Lawrence L. Alexander  
Assistant Make-up Editor ..... Wilbur F. Bowker  
Assistant Make-up Editor ..... Helen L. Kirkland  
Women's Editor ..... Kathleen Craig  
Sports Editor ..... John Maxwell  
Exchange Editor ..... Roger Coughlan

## Business Staff

Business Manager ..... Arthur M. Wilson  
Advertising Manager ..... Pat Garrow  
Circulation Manager ..... J. A. Tuck  
Circulation Assistant ..... A. Stinson

## "NIHIL HUMANI A ME ALIENUM PUTO"

Students and others who have given the matter serious consideration have debated our wisdom in entering a "religious controversy," and the debates have not always resulted in favour of our action. Possibly an explanation will change adverse opinion.

We did not enter the affair without giving considerable thought to those aspects which have occurred to the doubtful. Past experience has shown Gateway Editors the futility of engaging in controversies on religious beliefs, and we were quite aware of that futility. Also, we were quite aware of the free advertising to be gained by the opposition as a result of our discussion. Lastly, we knew in advance how unappreciative of logic Mr. Maloney would show himself to be. However, our conviction was (and still is) that we might make a useful move for the public good, in a matter which, for obvious reasons, could not be dealt with by the ordinary newspapers. We still believe that our action possessed virtues far outweighing its disadvantages.

In the first place, our entrance into the affair was not based on outraged religious convictions; the opposition (Mr. Maloney) offends our sense of what is fair and decent, and our conception of the extent of liberty of conscience. We are in perfect accord with our correspondent of last week in his classification of "The Canadian Orator," and nothing would please us so much as the gentleman's exit from Edmonton.

In the matter of "free advertising": it was unavoidable that Mr. Maloney should receive some increase in publicity because of our questioning of his motives. However, our opinion was that the "Orator" would find his listeners much more critical of his attitude after reading attacks on his logic. It would then be up to him to prove that his arguments could withstand attack: if he could not prove it (and he has yet to do so), then he must be prepared to lose prestige among many of his followers, with consequent decrease in attendance at his meetings. Time will confirm or confound our belief: we shall not squeal if we are proved incorrect.

Appreciation of logic seems to be quite removed from Mr. Maloney's mental make-up. Following last week's attack on his letters, speeches and "Liberator" articles from the standpoint of sound argumentation, the most powerful comeback the gentleman had at his disposal was his reference to The Gateway as "that scurrilous rag." Evidently we had pierced the Malonian armor in a vital region.

## STELLAR PERFORMANCES

Our friends to the south of the forty-ninth parallel have, contrary to the opinion of many, a decided penchant towards the mythical, as is clearly seen every fall, when the famous All-American football team is chosen. As nearly as we can ascertain, this presumably impregnable all-star eleven is composed of players chosen from the various college teams from the Pacific to the Atlantic coast, and the positions are filled by men whose performances during the past season mark them as the best all round players in those particular posts. A place on the All-American has come to denote a signal honor, and the player who makes the team is considered by all and sundry to have "arrived." In addition to the All-American, there are numerous sectional all star teams, such as all-state, but of course the player aims for the highest ranking, namely, the All-American.

We have, this season, endeavored to chose an All Western Canadian football team, and the combined attempts of the Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba sports writers appear elsewhere in this paper. Negotiations have been carried on for the past month with the other universities in the league, and the consensus of opinion is that the team chosen could not be improved on. Of course, there is bound to be a certain amount of local censure, but the team is the choice of the three universities.

—C.

## "THEY MUSTANG THEY'RE GOOD"

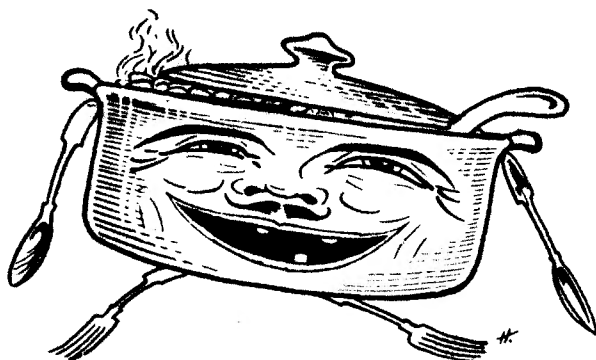
We offer the football team of Western University our heartiest congratulations. To win the eastern intercollegiate football title in their third season of senior company, to defeat the highly touted Sarnia Imperials by a 7-1 score, and to win their way through to the Dominion semi-finals is a real assignment. But they did it, and the fact that they finally bowed to the onslaught of the Montreal Winged Wheelers in no way discredits them.

Known throughout the 1930 season as the "scoreless wonders," they held the famous teams from Toronto, McGill, and Queens, losing only by the slimmest of margins. This year, with their assault built around the famous "Kewp" Kennedy, they trampled their rivals under a barrage of flying hoofs to win the intercollegiate title by one point. Sports writers at the opening of the 1931 season considered Western as the dark horse in the eastern loop, and many contended that the innovation of the forward pass would make the Mustangs a serious contender for the title.

Well, they won it. Congratulations, Western!

—C.

## CASSEROLE



## A PLEA

"Equal rights," that battle cry  
Of suffragettes of Yesteryear,  
Rings again across our planet;  
Rocking this terrestrial sphere.

Equal rights? That cry archaic  
Sounds out-moded in our ears.  
Have not women led their own life;  
Polled their votes these many years?

Equal rights! Again proclaim it;  
Hoist that banner torn with strife,  
Till at length the world knows that  
Man is equal to his wife.

—J. W. C.

## LOVE POME

They say when you're in love, you can write without  
a shove  
That your inspiration comes without a thought—  
That your pour out mushy verse that simply goes  
from bad to worse,  
Till at last you start to think you're pretty hot.  
But if you'd just look at me, I'm quite sure that  
you'd agree  
That the statement placed above is simply bunk—  
There's no doubt my heart's gone west, but to say  
the very best,  
As far as inspirations go, I'm sunk.

I go into every topic with a research microscopic,  
And I work it to the bone for something new,  
But every item that I seize is just a bust or else a  
freeze,  
For I find that someone else once found it too.  
I'm afraid my lady fair is about to tear her hair  
When I offer at her shrine my poems trite—  
Where in Hell's the inspiration that's brought on by  
osculation?  
And back the answer always comes—"I'll bite!"

I will swear by stars above that I really am in love,  
But of love's divine creation I am shy—  
And I vainly grope for phrases to express the subtle  
mazes  
In the midst of which my lovesick brain should lie.  
Even if I got a notion, my cerebral locomotion  
Would render metric verse just "plus de trop"—  
It would seem to wax prosaic would portray the choice  
mosaic  
That my love would represent to one who'd know.

Doubtless, were I thespianic, I could choose the broad  
Atlantic  
As a simile my depth of love to show—  
Were I soulfully inclined, I could elevate my mind  
And meet hers on a plane where few can go.  
But alas, my erudition does not pass a fixed position,  
So demonstrations amorous are out—  
As a poet I'm a flop—when I sing they call a cop,  
So how am I to spread my love about?

Were I not quite so sincere, I have got a sneaking fear  
That I'd let my love investigations stand—  
But when a certain little pout darn near turns you  
inside out  
You just can't drop the matter out of hand.  
Right in here I'd like to say that in my unromantic way  
I manage now and then to make her glad;  
And I really should confess that my ladifren said  
"Yes,"  
So perhaps my simple tactics aren't so bad.

CAPTAIN Z.

Nov. 23, 1931.

## LONG AGO IN ARCADY

Adapted from the Classics by Buttercup  
Beauty contests, which are commonly believed to  
be a modern institution, date back to the time when  
Paris was called in to weigh the pulchritudinous  
merits of Juno, Venus, and Minerva. The reason for  
the contest was that the Hellenic divinity of discord,  
who was, naturally, of the feminine sex, was not in-  
vited to the marriage feast of Pelius and Thetis. The  
victims of the ceremony naturally believed that they  
had enough incipient sources of trouble on their  
hands. Were they not being married?

Eros took a very effective, though subtle, revenge  
for this discourtesy extended to her. In the centre of  
the wedding party she threw a golden apple in-  
scribed "To the Fairest." The three divinities above  
mentioned, having the greatest amount of pull on  
Olympus, reached the finals of the resultant contest.

As they were all very modern in their outlook, each  
went in for bribery and corruption in a big way. Juno  
offered the adjudicator unlimited power, Minerva's  
prize was wisdom; but Venus intimated that should  
she win, Paris would gain the most beautiful girl in  
the universe. The fact that she was another man's  
wife did not seem to bother Venus; nor did it matter  
to her that Paris was more or less married to a girl by  
the name of Oenone. Paris shared these views.

So Paris gave the title to the goddess of love, on  
the theory that any man who acted as judge of an  
ethereal beauty contest had more power on his hands  
than he could handle; and the person married to the  
most beautiful woman would acquire enough experi-  
ence to make up for any deficiency in wisdom. He  
was right.

Eventually Paris, in his meanderings, reached  
Lacedaemon, which was a unique place; "unique"  
coming from the two Latin roots, unus, meaning one,  
and equus, a horse. At this town he met Helena  
Troy, wife of Menelaus, who was a famed prima  
donna, the first to keep her maiden name after mar-  
riage. The former Miss Troy was so easy on the eyes  
of Priam's son that he forthwith eloped with her, and  
immediately found himself in possession of a ten years'

war. Despite this Awful Warning, men still find at-  
tractions in wives not their own, but only King David  
was able to avoid any connubial difficulties. He sent  
the unnecessary husband to war and had him effec-  
tively killed off beforehand.

Menelaus, who long had craved a war with Troy  
because Troy would not use Avoirdupois measure-  
ments, gathered together some of Helena's ex-bo-  
friends and a bevy of gods, and started the Trojan  
war. After nine long years Paris was taken for a  
ride by the bellicose Greeks, whereon Helena promptly  
married a man called Deiphobus. However, in a fit  
of absent-mindedness, she fell in love again with  
Menelaus, and betrayed her current husband to gain  
the favour of her pristine spouse. Nor is she exactly  
to be blamed. Think of having around the house a  
permanent fixture called Deiphobus! It probably  
became a phobia with her.

Ten years after the beginning of the war, the

Greeks played a trick that is not considered strictly  
ethical. They way they horsed the Trojans with their  
wooden steed is well known.

So Menelaus got Hell again—I mean Helen again  
—and they set out for home. But as they were eight  
years on the way, it is assumed that they were late  
for breakfast. Many persons are surprised Menelaus  
took Helena back, but the reason he repossessed his  
wife is that Paris could not keep up the payments on  
her.

Thus the goddess of discord certainly started some-  
thing when she tossed that golden pomme, including  
not only the Trojan holocaust, but also Homer, the  
Graham McNamee of his day, and even this rehashing  
of ancient history. So don't blame it on the narrator!

In this day and age a sex triangle is considered  
to be complicated, but if one looks carefully, it will  
be found that this Trojan entanglement was a sex  
pentagon. Let any modern novelist try and cap that!



## OUR THANKS, H.D.S.

Nov. 28, 1931.

Editor, The Gateway,  
University of Alberta,  
Edmonton, Alta.

Dear Sir,—Allow me to congratulate the editorial staff of The Gateway on the edition of November 27. I do not recall an issue which contained more genuine news, particularly of student opinion openly expressed.

Regarding Comrade Maloney, I know very little about the gentleman other than that most Canadian dailies leave him severely alone. While I don't question your right to challenge his statement, I would point out, most respectfully, that by bringing him into prominence you are giving him what men of his type most sincerely desire, publicity.

Nor do I think you will drive him from Edmonton until he is fully prepared to go. Still, it is encouraging to see The Gateway engage the gentleman in debate of a kind. Just how satisfactory the outcome has been depends largely on the views of the reader beforehand. Arguments on religion rarely settle anything as far as I know.

A correspondent, Mr. Melvin I. Friedman, uses the term "intolerant preacher." But in fairness to Mr. Maloney, he is not doing after a fashion what Protestants have done for centuries, protest. We may not like his methods, and I hope your readers will not come to the conclusion that all Protestants are of the same mind as "The Canadian Orator" (self-styled, I understand), but no man can deny him the right to say what he thinks. After all, Roman Catholics have just as free recourse to protection of the libel laws of this country as have opponents. I have for some time wondered why, if his statements were so outrageously unfair and untrue, they had not sought that protection.

Student disciplinary methods are in some danger of change, I see, and for the worse. With all due respect to the authorities, I hope the attempt to take over the control of student discipline is not a gesture toward government favor. The less government interference the better for both faculty and students I believe. The University of Toronto found that to its cost.

As I see it, from The Gateway of this year and last, the move has been steadily toward lessening of student control. It may be a wise thing, but finally must result in the university becoming a sort of glorified high school. I usually felt that I had much more freedom while at university than I would have had elsewhere. I fear I could hardly be of that opinion if under the regulations proposed by the authorities.

To be quite truthful I feel much less at home in the correspondence column than in my own cosy little corner. This, as you may guess, is my first venture of its kind. Should I sign myself "Indignant Subscriber" or "Embattled Canadian"? Perhaps initials will do.

Yours truly, —H. D. S.

P.S.—The spelling of the word is "consensus." See two-column head, first page, your paper.

Wife: "Look me in the face!"  
Hubby: "What? And spoil my whole day. I will not!"

When buying perfume, remember what a whole of a difference a few scents make!

After asking Prof. MacGregor if he was a Freshman, be nonchalant, light out!

**STANFORD**

THE "New Six" \$6.00

It will pay you tenfold to see this great new range of shoes. Made for us by the makers of the famous ASTORIA shoes.

Canada's Finest Shoes for Men  
All widths, sizes and styles

**Cruickshanks**

Edmonton's Exclusive Shoe Store for Men

Next to Empress Theatre  
Phone 27714

**On top with TURRET!**

Turrets help overcome your difficulties... because Turrets rise to every occasion. In any emergency their wonderful qualities come out on top.

20 for 25¢

**Turret**  
Mild and Fragrant  
CIGARETTES

## JOHNSON'S—The Leading CAFE

Corner 101st and Jasper Avenue

## "WALK UPSTAIRS AND SAVE TEN"

## Do you Believe in Santa Claus?

Some say there is no such person; but I say there is! I have been Santa to the people of Canada for many years right in my Upstairs Coast-to-Coast Chain of Clothing Stores. I have not only brought you \$10 and more savings, but have always presented the finest Ready-to-Wear Clothes in Canada. I never cut quality or workmanship to meet prices, at any time.

THE WOOLENS, the FINE NEEDLEWORK, the LATEST STYLING, the BEST TRIMMINGS are only found in other clothes retailed this season at \$30.00 and more. My prices:

\$17.50 \$19.50 \$25.00

Come up! Dress up for Christmas and get your present in the way of a substantial saving here

## ROBINSON'S CLOTHES LTD.

10077 Jasper Avenue

"From Maker to Wearer"

THE BEST  
Varsity Tuck  
Shop  
IN CANADA



THE

## Rainbow Room

IS FREE FOR STUDENTS' FUNCTIONS



## HAMLET

By Ralph E. Zuar

Every seat had been sold two weeks before. Elgar Herving, the famous actor, was due to appear on the stage of Alfreton, Itla. Everyone was present; that is, everyone who was somebody or tried to be. One had to show oneself at such occasions.

Ten minutes before the rise of the curtain.

The check room presented a delightful scene of struggling humanity. People stepped on one another's feet and said they were sorry. Elbows, umbrellas, and other disagreeable things collided with snub and other noses. An irritable old lady wrapped in a dear old black lace curtain got mixed up with the button of a young man's jacket. She vehemently persisted in laying all the blame on him. Two fine old gentlemen with stately manners but extremely bald heads over which they had carefully spread the last remnants of their hair, spoke resolutely but politely with the "girl behind." They insisted on having their things hung up "right in front," so as to have absolutely no difficulty or delay in getting out of the temple of the Muses after the performance.

An energetic and rubicund lady extricated herself rigorously but cleverly from the throng and joined her beautiful daughter. "If we hurry we might be able to catch the street car at ten past, corner of 3rd street and broad avenue." "Too bad, Leslie took the car." Her indignation was plainly visible. At the entrance a number of eager Hamlet enthusiasts crowded around a confused elderly gentleman with glasses. He hunted frantically through all his pockets. He brought out this and that, keys, loose change, a broken cigarette, wool scrapings, a disreputable comb, a few street car tickets, but no ticket for this particular performance. Two distinguished ladies sat in the tenth row. "Aren't those two in the front row Mrs. Mongers and her daughter? The fourth seat from the right." The other lady craned a dangerously long neck and rose a little from her chair. "Isn't it just like them to sit in the

front row and to make themselves conspicuous. It's a disgrace. And she's got a green frock this time; wonder of it is really new." "Certainly not, my dear; I guess she's had that yellow atrocity dyed and altered a little."

Jerry H. Screw and his wife sat on the balcony, second row. Mr. Screw felt very uncomfortable in his new Sunday afternoon visiting suit. His dissatisfaction with things as they were showed considerably. He considered bowling alleys far superior to theatres. "It's the last time I give in," I can tell you," he grumbled. "Who is this Hamlet, anyway? Sure nothing to laugh. Gimme a show any time. No music in the play neither. He got decidedly angry. Mrs. Screw had literary interests, having read nearly fifty per cent. of all the books in the library. She was enthusiastic about the theatre and very distressed at her husband's ignorance. Oh no, she couldn't complain. He had even bought her a piano, although nobody in the house ever played or learned to play. She laid a restraining hand on his arm. "Don't talk so loud! I am really ashamed of you. Don't you see we have had to go. Browns had tickets, too." That, of course, settled it.

A lady appeared in one of the boxes beside the stage. Very fashionable, superbly dressed and marcelled. Black, extremely interesting hair. Nobody seemed to know her. Feminine opera glasses glittered malignantly. Men cast furtive glances. Who was the lady?

The second bell. The lights are gradually dimmed.

A few late comers, conscience stricken, hurry in and fumble blindly about. Whole rows get up to let them pass. Some have landed in the wrong row and must force their way back. They become pitiable objects of very obstinate knees which are full of hatred. When finally the unhappy creatures have found their seats they forget to pull down the chair in their confusion, and unintentionally sit down a little too deep. Or a dress gets jammed, which fact throws its owner into a fit of suppressed hysterics, in spite of the voluble and explicit explanations and excuses.

The third bell. The curtain rises. The terrace of Helsingor castle. Bernardo speaks to the guard. Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

The first words are lost in the initial murmuring of the crowd, which takes some time to settle down to the business of the moment. Someone still speaks too loud. The information and advice to hold on until Christmas, if possible, or at any rate, to wait for the two next Chicago notations, finds an interested auditorium.

Two girls in the third row find the darkness suitable for the clandestine consumption of chocolate candies. The unavoidable rustling with the paper bag elicits a number of indignant and vicious sh-sh. By and by people find out who is having Hamlet is. They are very proud of it and tell the discovery to their neighbors. The two girls think Hamlet absolutely "cute."

Hamlet's last words: "O cursed spite, that ever I was born to set it right! Nay, come, let's go together." First Act, Curtain.

"I don't understand why the Carthers always get their party dinners from the hotel. They ought to be able to afford extra help. It looks funny, anyway," says a well and

**DR. H. R. MACLEAN**  
**DENTIST**

318 Birks Bldg. Phone 26514

## FISH FUR

By the Kanteloupe Kid

A study in contrasts—not because any very valuable moral may be drawn, but simply because such studies are sometimes entertaining.

The University of California has just opened a new Publications Building devoted to the printing and publishing of the Daily, the Occident, the Pelican and a few offices for year book and dramatics. It also includes a library for the latest works on journalism. I'm afraid Alberta does not take its publications seriously enough because the offices of The Gateway, Evergreen and Gold and The Trail are not particularly impressive unless the impression is unpleasant.

The University of Illinois boasts a gym which would quite comfortably hold about ten of the combined dance hall, dining room and gym that graces the west end of Athabasca Hall. This institution possess a library building about as large as the Arts Building which holds most of the books available for reference except the departmental libraries, which are housed separately.

Manitoba has a new million dollar building under way, and Alberta presents its staff with a "voluntary" (?) cut in salaries. The contrast in these statements may not be particularly obvious, but it seems to me that Alberta is cutting down at the wrong end.

In periods of stress there is an increased number of people who turn to education as one certain means of removing the possibility of unemployment at a later date. There is no doubt that educated people are less affected than the untrained laborer when reductions are in order. This condition throws a heavier burden on the teaching staff at the university and increases their work materially. However, there is one thing which acts against an increased efficiency, and that is a salary cut when the work is not diminished, but actually increased.

The standard of a university should be raised by the retention and addition of men who occupy a high place in their particular field of study. It is highly improbable that new professors could be induced to join the staff of an institution which cuts professional salaries in the same manner as a clerk's wages. It requires many years of hard work which are unremunerated to attain the position of a staff member, and when reductions among civil servants are being distributed it should be remembered that the average employee has been earning a salary since he left school, whereas a varsity man has spent several years and foregone many thousands of dol-

ostentatiously dressed lady to her neighbor, presumably in connection with Hamlet's ominous utterance.

A young man of thirty confides to a girl with a chewing gum complexion that on Broad Avenue a new cabaret was to be opened shortly, and if she would make a date with him for the opening night in case he would be able to procure himself tickets. The cleverly painted face graciously consents.

The second act. A tall and slim gentleman with octagonally cut glasses is looking into empty space, terror in his countenance. Carefully his hand steals over his body. Where has he put his check ticket? Stealthily he goes through his pockets. Where on earth is the ticket? Thumb and index dig frantically into the waistcoat pockets, hands and fists burrow into every available pocket. Neighbors get interested. Sh! Sh! The gentleman takes on an unconcerned attitude. But his uneasiness develops again. He searches the floor, with his eyes at first, then with swaying and trembling body. For heaven's sake, where is the ticket?

After the third act there is a tremendous rush for refreshments. Hamlet is almost forgotten. An ancient teacher remarks how difficult it must be for the actors to learn all this stuff by heart. The two girls, who had eaten chocolate candies have found out that Hamlet-Herving has a

(Continued on Page 6)

lars to obtain the education necessary to fit him for his position.

So much for voluntary reductions, they should be applied with discretion and not with a vengeance. Education apparently pays—but not very much.

The famous quest of Diogenes appears relatively simple when compared with a modern search for a popular favorite who can withstand the call of the talkies. Phillips Lord, better known to a few million radio fans as Seth Parker, has just completed a picture called "Way Back Home."

Thus another artist who has won a place of esteem with millions of people takes a long chance upon his future popularity and success for the sake of a potential box office feature. Rudy Vallee was the centre of a large mythical stage until "The Vagabond Lover" appeared, and a large section of his admirers deserted his banner. The glamor and illusion that surrounded the crooner was completely removed by one look at the artist in action on the screen. Vallee is still successful in spite of this picture, but that is largely due to the fact that he has a good orchestra—except when he sings.

Seth Parker also has a strong supporting cast, but he is absolutely necessary for the success of his act as shown by recent broadcasts when he was missing. A radio personality is a rather peculiar character, and each auditor has the privilege of visualizing their favorite in any manner they see fit. The realization that the real person who is broadcasting does not resemble this mental picture is sometimes rather disconcerting.

The public is noted for its fickleness on the subject of favorites, and Seth Parker plays an unusual role in this regard in establishing himself in a role entirely new to the average person. It is to be sincerely hoped that this new motion picture endeavor will be a total success. As far as the movie magnates are concerned, there is no danger of a financial failure, simply because fans will flock to see the real Seth Parker. The success of the artist himself is not so certain, and his future hinges to a large extent upon the public reception of the picture.

I may be entirely wrong in this theory, but it seems to me that Phillips Lord took a long chance on Seth Parker's popularity when he decided to capitalize through the talkies. May the show be good, not only for the continuation of Seth Parker broadcasts, but also for the satisfaction of his admirers.

Tea will be served. Practically every student club boasts this special service for members. Why? What practical purpose is served by the periodic consumption of tea and cake at an hour that merely alleviates internal suffering until the 6:15 bell rings?

The business of serving tea is nothing but a nuisance for those who are saddled with the preparation of the offerings. The special half-hour devoted to this routine may promote conversation, but most of my friends sound much more intelligent when they are not grinding cake. Club dues are not excessive, but they could be reduced to a mere pittance by the removal of this blight of "Tea will be served." The membership in many clubs would increase, because many students would join several clubs in the hope of being entertained occasionally, whereas at the present time they hesitate to part with the better part of a dollar on an uncertain series of meetings.

There are many clubs on the campus which thrive simply because they are social gatherings. In such cases the removal of the appeal to the gourmands would result in the collapse of the club membership. However, there are many other clubs which serve an educational purpose and were not organized as an aid for the tea planters in Indo-China. It is to this latter type of club that the removal of tea and cake should be an absolute asset. It is much easier

## A FRIENDLY CHAT FROM CAT TO CAT

By Ann Zateat

All is vanity, vanity. Razberries! You should try to get Year Book pictures out of some people.

The book store must be contrary. When other prices go down the book store's go up. When prices go up, just to be still more contrary the book store races them.

What's the use of buying new handkerchiefs? Christmas is coming, and maybe there's a Santa Claus.

We used to like that man until he laughed when we caught, and tore to shreds, our brand new chiffon stockings. Oh, oh!

We used to think jaw-breakers were candy, but now we know they're the specimens of steak served at St. Joe's.

When is the Debating Society going to start? This Thursday farcical club is taking the society's time, place and members. It seems a shame for that club to usurp the place of an ancient, honorable institution like the Debating Society.

Yes, you may be out in the wild, wild west, but, darling, you must not play cards. Naughty, naughty!

Some people are important, some people are just important, and the other people who are important give us a pain too.

Little Pembinites are not to go to cabarets—what a break for overtown stenogs.

After the first practise of the season, everybody is so stiff even their eyebrows creak.

The rink was opened Tuesday night. We hope they didn't forget to close; anybody is liable to break in and "through" the ice.

Speaking of graduating pictures: the camera never lies, but it doesn't need to be so candid.

We used to like our Senior friends until we were asked to write epitaphs.

"Elusive as a firefly" is a simile that should be changed to "elusive as a reference book."

We found out that there's a dummy in The Gateway. Why keep it in the singular?

to assimilate heavy thoughts on an empty stomach, and if any one isn't in that state by 4:30, it is no fault of the chefs.

If any of the clubs of which I am a member remove this tea drinking business I shall be forced to withdraw my membership and the balance of my fees. Somehow I simply cannot forego the habit of burning my tongue on hot water containing a tea leaf. Then again, my dentist recommended exercise for the encisors, and the cookies at one of my favorite clubs supply this necessity beautifully. Tea should be served.

### Steen's Drug Store

10912 88th Ave. Phone 31456

We would be glad to have you see our Xmas merchandise. Gifts sets at old prices for men or women.

SHOP EARLY

A small deposit will secure any item.

## TRUDEAU'S

### Cleaning and Dye Works Limited

10050 103rd Street

Edmonton

PHONE 23431

Special Delivery several times  
daily to the University

### PAINTING A LA MODE

Yesterday I was browsing around among some ancient manuscripts and fell to devouring this bit of modernity:

"At Camcharmish at the close of the second century there were living a husband and wife, opulent and happy in the enjoyment of life, one thing only excepted. They were childless. Married at seventeen, the young bride lived for several years in the enjoyment of all the pleasures that wealth and society could give. At the age of twenty-three she was attacked by a painful disease in one of her eyes, for which neither the books of old authorities nor of later physiological discoveries could suggest a remedy. One of her domestic servants informed her that the wife of Agoppos had been healed of a similar ailment by Pertes, who was then living in the upper storey of a tomb in the neighborhood, to which access could be obtained by climbing a ladder. The lady hastened to climb to the recluse's latticed cell, arrayed in all her customary elaborate costume, with earrings, necklaces, and the rest of her ornaments of gold, her silk robe blazing with embroidery, her face smeared with red and white cosmetics, and her eyebrows and eyelids artificially darkened. 'Tell me,' said the hermit on beholding his brilliant visitor, 'tell me, my child, if some skilful painter were to paint a portrait according to his art's strict rules and offer it for exhibition, and then up were to come some dauber dashing off his pictures on the spur of the moment, who should find fault with the artistic picture, lengthen the lines of brows and lids, make the face whiter and heighten the red of the cheeks, what would you say? Do you not think the original painter would be hurt at this insult of his art, and these needless addi-

tions of an unskilled hand?' These arguments with the discontinuance of the use of cosmetics caused the cure of the gentlewoman's eye."

Chuckling at this rare tit-bit of the ancients (though I admire the greater skill of today exhibited by my lady friends), I remembered of a discovery made at Ur, somewhere along the Euphrates. There, I was told, the ancient lady also smeared her face, but with green and white from little shell-shaped dishes. We call them, by courtesy, compacts—complexion compacts. Marvellous little novelties these, each a sort of whole in one. But I must not be drawn aside. Being of a curious and historical inclination I tried to find a reference to Ur. Somehow the name sounded familiar, as though I once knew the place—and it was. From this place Abraham had migrated to the sea coast of Asia Minor. I wonder if his wife carried with her one of these little shell-shaped dishes. They were mirrorless. What a handicap!

The introduction of the ancient compact to the coast of Asia Minor brought with it improvements, from our point of view. You will remember that the color used at Ur was green, and very suitable it was, but within nine centuries it changed. Abraham's wife, like other Urine ladies, used the delicate color of red for beauty spots, and from this practice with its more pleasing effects of artistry arose the custom of using red and white cosmetics. Now, I am sure, we are about to see a new development. History repeats itself in action, so why not expect the black beauty to appear? Is it not right, Sir Gateway, that the beauty spot of today is black? And the time is ripe for a change!

—A. SCRIPTOR.

### Expression Spells Success in Portraiture

Jos. L. Tyrell

## STUDIO

Moser Ryder Blk.

Phone 26765

101st St.

Photographically Yours

### Try our Special 50c. Chicken Dinner

Served every Wednesday

### Corona Hotel

106th St. and Jasper Ave.  
Phone 27106

### COUGHLIN'S The Capitol Beauty Parlors

BARBER SHOP  
In connection

### Princess Theatre

Showing

Friday and Saturday

STAN LAUREL and OLIVER  
HARDY in

### "Pardon Us"

Laurel and Hardy in their first  
feature-length comedy—the  
funniest of their career!

Coming

Monday and Tuesday

TALLULAH BANKHEAD and  
FREDERIC MARCH in

### "My Sin"

A gripping social drama, filled  
with thrilling incidents, varied  
scenes and strong dramatic  
action!



# SPORTS



**BILL TOMLINSON**  
MANITOBA  
-HALF BACK

**MICKEY McADAM**  
SASKATCHEWAN  
-QUARTERBACK

**ERNE PEDEN**  
BRITISH COLUMBIA  
-MIDDLE

**HARRY DEMPSTER**  
SASKATCHEWAN  
-HALFBACK

**WLF HUTTON**  
ALBERTA  
-END

**ANDY 'RED' CURRIE**  
MANITOBA  
-HALFBACK

**DICK FARRINGTON**  
BRITISH COLUMBIA  
-END

**AL HALL**  
ALBERTA  
-SNAP

**JIM DOCTOR**  
MANITOBA  
-MIDDLE

**DOUG McINTYRE**  
BRITISH COLUMBIA  
-HALFBACK

**JACK CAMERON**  
ALBERTA  
-INSIDE

**CHARLIE PROUDFOOT**  
MANITOBA  
-INSIDE

## ALL-WESTERN CANADIAN RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAM, 1931 SEASON

The good old American custom of choosing the members of mythical all-star, all-time, and all-time all-star teams (there's a difference somewhere) has spread far, and the four western Canadian U's have swung into line. The result is an all-star rugby squad.

Leonard Remis, Sports Editor of The Manitoban, says of the team's composition: Chemists may never have resolved this formula. However, the writer, proceeding along scientific lines of his own making, has discovered that four grams of a certain brown and gold chemical, combined with three grams of blue and gold, a similar quantity of green and gold and a sprinkling of green and white, can be formed to produce a mixture possessing peculiar properties of its own. These elements have been carefully secluded in the four western universities, and any attempt to bring these portions together is bound to be dangerous to the individual involved in the operation. However, with more audacity than prudence, your author has added the various compounds to the old melting pot and is at any moment expecting an explosion in the vicinity of the hot stove league.

Topping the list, Manitoba contributes four members to this mythical selection in the persons of two backfield men and a similar number of linemen. British Columbia, holders of the Hardy Trophy, follow closely with three teammates, a half back, a linesman and an end, while the Golden Bears of Alberta are also represented by a trio on the vanguard. Saskatchewan colors will be carried by two backfield men, namely, a quarterback and a half line man.

With all the Varsityes abounding in sterling backfield material the selection presents several difficult problems to be solved. Playing some of the finest rugby in his career as a pigskin artist, Andy "Red" Currie is a unanimous choice as a halfback.

is able to run ends with the best of them.

Springing into the limelight in one campaign, Capt. Bill Tomlinson, of Manitoba, proved a mainstay on the brown and gold trip west. Fiery Capt. Bill is the triple threat man on the "Toba" brigade. He is a consistent ground gainer, a better than average kicker, and "Toba's" ace on the forward pass firing line.

Diminutive Doug McIntyre, of British Columbia annexes the fourth halfback position after serious competition on the part of Mickey Timothy of Alberta and Norm Johnston of Manitoba. All three are fast, tricky ball carriers and would equally fit in with the other three on the rearguard. However, the scintillating coast man gets the nod in virtue of his performance when he practically defeated the big brown machine single handed in the championship encounter of the year.

Mickey McAdam, peppery quarterback, who hails from Saskatoon, will occupy the quarterback berth on this phantom aggregation. McAdam is a star of long standing, a tricky ball carrier and an aggressive field general. Jimmy Logan of Saskatchewan, on his forward passing ability, runs the green and white quarterback a close race and only loses out on his inexperience.

Although he failed to turn in one performance at his old post at snap this year, Al Hall of Alberta was granted this position due to dearth of first class men. Capt. Al covered this berth in previous years with much renown, and is one of the finest defensive players in the entire conference.

The fight for inside post resolved itself into a fierce battle, with Charlie Proudfoot of Manitoba and Jack Cameron of Alberta nosing out Freddy Gale of the Golden Bears and Park of Alberta for the awards. Both are smart defensive players and formed the bulwark of their respective squads.

Jim Doctor, "Toba" stalwart, and Capt. Ernie Peden of B.C. proved themselves superior to all comers

with respect to the middle wing berths. Doctor rivals Hall closely when it comes to defensive plays and is also a line crasher of no mean ability. Peden was a standout in the far westerners triumph and can be depended upon to carry his share in any engagement. Big Jim Tomecko, big Saskatchewan middle, and Red Reyecraft, Kennedy street student, were both favorably considered.

Wilf Hutton of Alberta and Dick Farrington of B.C. are a pair of ends who would make things hum in any man's league. Both are deadly tacklers and possess more than usual forward pass receiving ability.

In making a second selection your writer lays himself open to more than the usual amount of criticism, nevertheless, here it is:

First Team.	Pos.	Second Team
Wilf Hutton, Alberta	L.E.	Mickey, McAdam, Sask.
Jim Doctor, Manitoba	L.M.	Jim Tomecko, Sask.
Charlie Proudfoot, Manitoba	L.L.	Fred Gale, Alberta
Al Hall, Alberta	S.N.	Ken McDonald, British Col.
Jack Cameron, Alberta	R.L.	Park, Saskatchewan
Ernie Peden, British Col.	R.M.	Red Reyecraft, Manitoba
Dick Farrington, Br. Col.	R.E.	Dick Litch, Manitoba
Mickey McAdam, Sask.	Q.	Jimmy Logan, Sask.
William Tomlinson, Man.	L.H.	Mickey Timothy, Alberta
Red Currie, Manitoba	R.H.	Norman Johnston, Man.
Doug McIntyre, British Col.	C.H.	Frankie McDonald, Man.
Harry Dempster, Sask.	F.W.	Gavin Dirom, British Col.

## SUPS DEFEAT 49TH IN CHARITY GAME

Forty-Niners Turned Back 4-3 by Superiors Last Saturday—Both Teams Show Up Well

The citizens of Edmonton had their first taste of senior hockey last Saturday night when the Superiors and Forty-Niners tangled in an unemployed benefit game at the Arena. There was a large crowd on hand to see the tussle, and they were not disappointed with the brand of hockey dished up by the lads, considering the short time that they have had to practice. Both teams lived up to expectations, the new players showing up well. Joe Brown and Soley, both star juniors of last year, showed plenty of ability, Brown being the standout.

The Superiors took the lead half-way through the first canto when Graham stickhandled down the ice and fooled Howey with a long, hard drive. This brought about a savage attack by the soldiers, the Sups fighting hard to hold them back. The Forty-Niners evened the score near the end of the period when Kennedy and Inkster worked in on Stuart, Kennedy slipping the disc past Stuart on a neat pass from Inkster.

At this time Taylor was put off, leaving the Superiors a man short. The Forty-Ninth pressed hard, but were unable to score before the end of the canto.

The next tally came midway through the second frame when Bob Crossland went around the defence, drew Howey out, and deposited the rubber in the hemp for one of his usual spectacular goals. The Forty-Ninth pressed hard, and should have scored, but Stan Moher missed an open goal. This was their last chance to score, and the period ended with the Sups up 2-1.

There was plenty of action in the third period. The Forty-Ninth knotted the score when Kennedy and Smith drifted through the Sups' defence, Kennedy scoring on a neat pass from Cammy. In less than five minutes later Dame came through in fine style to put the soldiers in the lead 3-2. The soldiers, however, did not hold the lead for long.

Graham drifted down the boards and drove a fast shot past Howey from a difficult angle. At this point the play speeded up considerably, both teams making a determined effort to take the lead. Both goals were in danger several times, but it fell to Crossland and Joe Brown to break the deadlock, when Crossland gave Brown a neat pass, Brown slapping the rubber past Howey in no uncertain manner. In the last few minutes the Forty-Niners carried the play up to the Superior goal, but failed to register the tying tally, giving the Superiors the first victory of the year.

Clarence Campbell was in charge of the game, with the teams lining up as follows:

Superiors — Stuart; Montgomery and Taylor; Graham, Walker and Crossland; J. Brown, Bus Brown, McMillan; Soley and McTavish.

Forty-Ninth—Howey; Smith and Dame; Dorsey, Moher, Bowen, Gillies, Kennedy, Inkster, Zuchet, Colville, Lindsay.

## SPORTING SLANTS

By C. J. J.

The 49th Battalion had a tough break in not winning their exhibition game against the Superiors. John Dorsey, last year's Varsity star, was not in the best of form, but then it was the first game of the season.

Well, Varsity and Imperials staged a great battle, and up till the last tally was anybody's game. The last two periods were played at a dazzling pace, considering the earliness of the season.

It was a treat to see Al Hall go up that ice and score—just what would Varsity athletics be without him? Guy Kinnear made a splendid first appearance and worked hard all the way through.

A. N. King, Tollington, McConnell, all played hard, but the forward line hooked awfully light—it would be pretty nice to see Bill Wright back on the line-up.

Don Gibson played a sterling game. There are, I fancy, one or two forwards in the league who are not going to relish the body checking that Mr. Gibson hands out. Good work, Don.

Dooley Ross was in there as usual, pushing them out from all angles. It sure wasn't his fault the score ended up as it did. He made some wonderful saves, and didn't have a chance with the last one.

The Imperials have a fast team, and some of their new talent showed up to advantage. There should be some great hockey in the city this winter.

Regina Roughriders will do battle at Montreal on Saturday, and from all reports are conceded a good chance of winning. Let's hope the rugby championship comes west.

The basketball team is getting in fine shape, and with the addition of one or two stellar newcomers, will be up to last year's standard.

PATRONIZE GATEWAY ADVERTISERS

Varsity vs. Superiors Saturday, Dec. 5---USE ATHLETIC TICKETS



## Miscellanies And Miscellaneous

By F. P. Mac

Don't you hate the person who won't hurry!

You're late for a lecture in the morning, but you know that if you run you can get there on time. Then you catch up to an acquaintance who is going to the same class as you. Social politeness forces you to stop and walk with him. But this person can't or won't hurry, being quite indifferent about the time. You don't want to be late; what's more, you don't need to be late, if you could hurry. But you don't want to be rude, and since he won't adjust his pace to yours, you must adjust yours to his. You chafe and fume, you try to walk fast to sort of bait him on, but he won't take the hint.

And of course you are late, and since you sit in the middle of the room, you have to crawl over a dozen pair of knees to get to your seat, running the gauntlet of a dozen pair of eyes that look up so reproachfully at you.

But what can you do about it?

It was with deep regret that I learned of the death last week of Lya Putti, the actress. You may not remember her. Perhaps if you have heard that comic monologue "The Cockney Girl at the Cinema" you may recall the speaker making reference to her—"Ah, there's Lye-a de Putti!" Well, it is the same Lya de Putti who has just died.

The Cockney girl might not "think much of 'er," but I did. Miss de Putti was a movie actress several years ahead of her day. She was grown-up before the movies were grown-up. Few who saw her in "Variety" will ever forget her splendid performance.

"Variety" was a photoplay made by a German film company starring Emil Jennings and directed by E. A.

Use "Spalding" Athletic Goods

"The Choice of Champions"

Marshall-Wells Alberta Co.,

Limited

EDMONTON, ALBERTA

"Every time I come to Edmonton I come in"

A lady from out of town told us the other day. "I love looking at the beautiful things you have here."

We're proud of our store and our stock—we like to show them to visitors

Henry Birks & Sons

LIMITED

DIAMOND MERCHANT

104th St. and Jasper

STANDARD UNIVERSITY SWEATERS

All Wool Coat .....\$8.50

All Wool V-neck .....\$6.50

Silk Wool V-neck for

Ladies .....\$6.50

This is the only place in the city where the Standard University of Alberta Sweaters can be had

The UNIVERSITY BOOK STORE

Heated Packard Sedans

JACK HAYS'

TAXI

STANDS AT

Selkirk and Macdonald

Hotels

PHONE 22111

Have Your Photograph Taken

In A Modern Studio

EXCLUSIVE

by

Alfred Blyth Studios

10043 102nd Street, just South of Jasper Ave.

EDMONTON'S LARGEST AND FINEST EQUIPPED

PHOTO STUDIOS

## F.S. and B.S.

Speaking at the Friday meeting of the Mining and Geological Society, H. H. Gardner gave a paper dealing with Coal Mining in the Corbin district.

Corbin is situated close to the Alberta-B.C. boundary, a few miles south of the Crow's Nest pass, and connected to the Crow's Nest line by a branch railway. The coal worked is all on Coal Mountain, some three miles long and a mile wide. McKay of the Geological Survey estimates that eighty million tons of coal is in this small district.

All the coal lies in two seams in the Kootenay formation. Further to the north, in the Elk Valley, it is known that there are 22 workable seams of coal in this formation. The concentration at Corbin is due to unusual conditions affecting the pronounced folding and faulting which took place during the Rocky Mountain uplift.

Mining was started in the district in 1908, and the mine has operated continuously since then. Six mines have been opened at various times, working on the different outcrops.

A great deal of ingenuity was shown by the evolution of suitable methods for mining the coal, which is very soft and friable and usually lies with the seams vertical. The great thicknesses encountered also proved an important factor.

The recovery in the mines has never been very high, and fires starting up in some of the old workings have spread into virgin territory, thus rendering still more coal unextractable. Local conditions demand very close timbering and special methods of ventilation.

The mines operated by the company at present can produce over a thousand tons of coal per day. The market is chiefly to the west, more particularly across the border.

B. F. Souch, B.Sc., moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Gardner at the close of the meeting.

please, get as tight as oats, for all we care. And those who live in Residence may do likewise, providing they do so elsewhere, and don't return home in that condition."

"These Charming People" was an American picture made in English studios. It is the offspring of English and American parents, and bears resemblance to both. It seems typically English, but it has that American polish that can make a poor story interesting (which is fortunate in this instance, for the story is not so many). Lighting and photography is improved, and the timing is much better; thus each player is given a chance to be at his or her best, both in acting and in personal appearance. I once remarked that British pictures always had homely heroines (untrue, of course, but that's what I said at the time). Now it seems that, made-up better, gowned and coiffured better, with better lighting and kindlier photography, the girls can be very attractive; here for instance we have Nora Swinburne and Ann Todd—especially the latter, mm!

Cyril Maude's characterization was excellent, but you recognize most of the mannerisms of his Grumpy, which somewhat takes the tang out of this. And I fail to see the importance of his rôle to the story. It seemed to be written in just for him. The story (from Michael Arlin's novel) was neither new or meritorious, but the American polish plus the pleasing players make it really quite bearable. The English accents—but I'd better not bring that up again. But perhaps some other people, too, found it difficult to penetrate and to comprehend much of the dialogue. Incidentally, the Freshman play, "Passion, etc.," was written by Shaw at the request of Cyril Maude, who also directed it and acted in it.

On the same program with the above was an advertisement "short" called "Canada Calls," advertising the National Service Loan. My opinion of the usual advertisement short is—well, all right, I won't say it out loud. They consist of a dozen or so subtitles of advertising matter, occasionally interspersed with shots of an automobile or a truck slowly driving down the whole length of a street. But "Canada Calls" was like no other ad short I've ever seen; if all such ads were as splendid as this, they might be well worth sitting through. It was a little masterpiece of camera artistry, consisting of flash upon flash of hurried breathless shots that impressionistically illustrated the words of the speaker, with whose speech the whole was expertly synchronized. It was a most entertaining short, even though it was an advertisement.

Huh! Imagine J. J. Maloney, of all persons, accusing us of intolerance! That's worse than the writer who, in an attack upon motion picture censorship, declared that, "There is not one single logical argument in favor of censorship of any kind—and never will be. . . . There is no excuse for censorship, and it will never be anything but intolerance. It savors of tyranny, fear and bigotry—it is the spirit of the Inquisition rekindled and rampant in our land. Censorship is the hooded Ku Klux Klan of art." Now who's intolerant?

True, as you read the article through, and read of the countless cases of stupid, petty, narrow-minded censorings, you almost begin to agree; but that statement was certainly out of place in an attack on intolerance. Almost akin to that is the writer who referred to another writer's "sweeping condemnation of British films and accents," and went on to accuse him of making "outlandish generalizations."

I'm afraid Hush won't be so easily abolished by the law courts as has been suggested in The Gateway. I have heard that the editor of Hush employs a very clever lawyer to over-read everything that goes into it, to be certain that there is nothing not invulnerable by the law.

Eight bells and all's well on the quarter deck.

So the Worms, provided that Jupiter Pluvius doesn't sell us the wrong type of weather, will be out in action Tuesday evening. Even the Independent League will scarcely be able to beat the performance that the slippery sons of other Worms will put up.

It rather looks like The Gateway is running into the sort of thing that it had a couple of years ago, namely, an Apologist's organ. We hope not, though, for they are doing some real good work, even if their aims are misconstrued.

G. N. Patterson took the boys through a couple of flights of fancy over the North last Wednesday. He has done a bit of travelling by way of wing and propeller up in that region, and was able to give the boys a good idea as to how it was done and why.

Yes, and it seems that those that go up into the North must spend most of their time and all their summer's wages on the procuring of photographs showing activities, country and what not. But we liked the lot of snaps that Pat showed the society.

Johnny Woznow has been wondering whether there aren't a few more Engineers who can play basketball, but who are keeping out of sight, due to modesty or something. Turn out, boys, and help make the team. You will if you make it.

Interfac hockey will be under way soon. Any one that has a pair of skates and a hockey stick should see Don Murray, as he's looking for fellows with just those qualifications.

We hate to do it, fellows, after the way we were nosed out in the play-offs, but if any of the Interfac team members still have uniforms out, would they mind turning them in to Dick Briese as early as possible? Maybe next year, when we win the series, we'll be able to hang on to them, but you know how it is just now.

That's the works, fellows; see what you can do with it.

EVERYTHING IN SPORTING GOODS SEE **UNCLE BEN'S EXCHANGE** PHONE 2057 Cor. 102nd Ave. & 101st St.

**How to Be a College Man**  
Wear no garters.  
Walk with a dazed look in your eyes.  
Bend forward to get that midnight oil effect.  
Wear "Slaughtered House" (registered) clothes.  
Have something cute painted on your slicker.  
Watch the men about the campus and learn to use their captivating walk.  
Wear a key.  
Carry an empty pipe in your jaw.  
Attend a University.—Ex.

**Good Godiva: A Play**  
Scene: A street in Coventry. Enter Lady Godiva on a white horse.  
God.—At least no one can say I'm over-dressed.  
Enter her friend Ysabel. They meet.

Ysa.—My dear, how can you appear in public like this?

God.—It's the depression.

Ysa.—Oh, I didn't mean your—er—costume. I think it's charming.

And so original, my dear. No one has ever thought of it before.

Except poor Eve, of course, but she soon grew tired of it, didn't she, dear?

God.—What's wrong, then?

Ysa.—Haven't you heard, my dear? The Queen has bobbed her hair! And, of course, anyone who is anyone will do the same.

God.—She would!

Ysa.—And, my dear! I'm giving a coming-out party for Elaine tonight, and I do hope you can come.

God.—I'd love to, my dear, but I simply haven't a thing to wear!

(Fire-curtain)

This goes on for hours, and hours, and hours.

We have just had an urgent communication from our own private detective: "DEWDROPINN, MISSISSAUGA LIVERY STABLE, INMYYE, Ont.: Having such a nice time, stop. Have met a lot of people; you wouldn't know them, stop. Who the (CENSORED) cares, question mark? Love and kisses, stop. McStutter.—T. & N.O.  
And they shot Lincoln!

**Permanent and Finger Waving**  
Scientific Method that assures satisfaction

**Scona Beauty Parlor**

10363 Whyte Ave. Phone 32845

**Christmas Gifts**

In

DIAMOND RINGS

MEN'S CUFF LINKS

FANCY RINGS

FOUNTAIN PENS

At very extraordinary reduced prices

No better time to make your selection than this week.

**Jackson Bros.**

9962 Jasper Ave.

WHEN YOU WANT SOMETHING TO CHEER YOU UP—VISIT THE

**EL PATIO TEA ROOMS**

And enjoy an atmosphere of Sunny Spain

Try Our Special 60c Sunday Dinners

Served from 4:30-9:00 p.m.

OPEN EVERY AFTERNOON AND EVENING

El Patio is run in connection with

THE

**California Confectionery Co.**

We have just received our Christmas stock of Chocolates, fresh from the factory this week. This year we are in a position to offer you all our Chocolates at near 60% reduction on last year's prices. Former prices \$2.50 and \$1.25. Now ..... \$1.25 and 75c

10470 Whyte Avenue

Phone 32372

# Let's Get Acquainted—

Says the Public Drug

*"We Appreciate Your Business"*

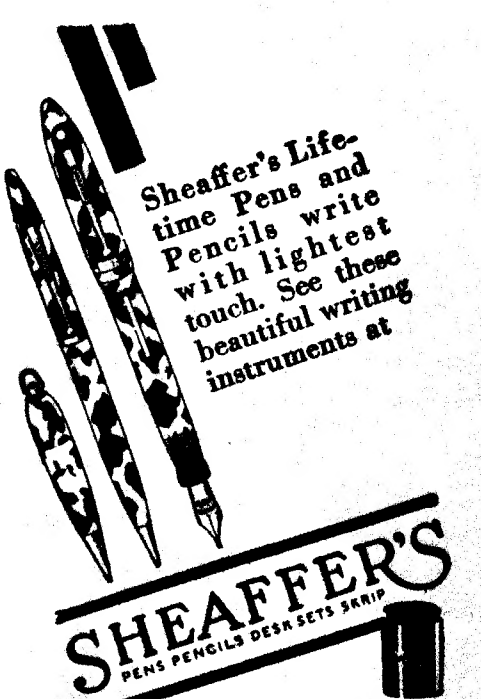
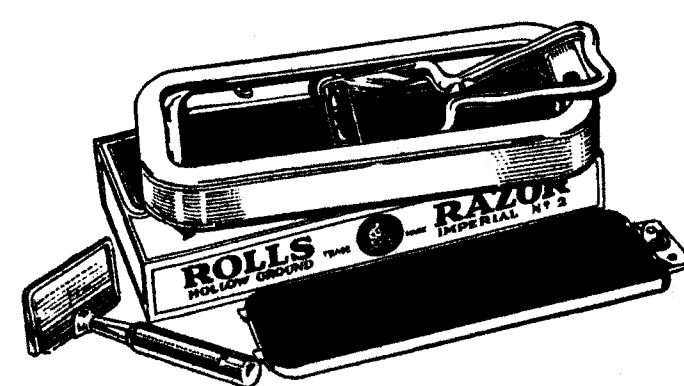
AND HERE'S THE PROOF

TWO LUCKY STUDENTS get their biggest Xmas problem solved for them

## FREE

Just fill in the coupon with your name and address and deposit it in the coupon box in one of our stores.

Some lucky man gets a \$7.50 Rolls Razor; the lucky lady a \$8.75 Sheaffer Fountain Pen and Pencil Set.



NAME .....

Mr. or Miss.

COURSE .....

ADDRESS .....

All coupons must be in by Tuesday, DECEMBER 15th, when the lucky coupons will be drawn by the Editor of The Gateway.

## PUBLIC DRUG CO., LTD.

Store No. 1: Jasper at 102nd Street.

Store No. 2: 10137 101st Street

EDMONTON, ALTA.



## PROSCENIUM PARAGRAPHS

(Continued from Page 1)

them in the running as competitors whose chances cannot, by any means, be disregarded. The scenery and lighting effects of "Passions, Poisons and Petrifications" are of undeniable importance in its presentation and certainly have not been neglected. The lighting especially is intended by the playwright to constitute a more than usually important factor in the production, and this has received a great deal of the necessary skilled attention with the most beneficial results. This is, indeed, a show worthy of the very highest recommendation.

## Sordid Sophomores

Next we come to the Sophomores, and with the Sophomores comes Mrs. Frances Pemberton's melodrama, "Dregs." This is a very powerfully written play, but, however well a play may be written, its successful production relies in a far greater measure on the director and actors than on the words of the author. There seems to have always been a popular fallacy to the effect that melodrama and farce are the easiest type of play to produce, whereas, in tried reality, they are the hardest. It will take

but a short period of experimentation on the part of those who doubt this to realize that they may both be unwittingly burlesqued into utter damnation with the greatest of ease. The temptation to allow of this burlesquing lies all along the road of rehearsal travelled by the director and the players. In many cases they succumb either through weakness or unintentionally, and the result of their well-meant histrionic efforts are nothing short of pitiable. Melodrama suffers far more as a result of this burlesquing than does farce because the essential spirit of melodrama is strict adherence to the absolutely faithful representation of a certain type of human being, while farce does permit a certain margin of extra foolishness. The type of human being dealt with in melodrama, however undesirable, does exist. As a people, we in the world today are not all we would like to imagine ourselves to be. Impeccability is non-existent, but there are some who are tarred with a rather more dingy brush than usual, and it is people thus tarred who are generally the subjects of melodrama. Moreover, we have progressed in histrionic intellectuality since the early days of drama, when it was apparently necessary to lay everything on all too lavishly in order to put across the slightest breath of atmosphere to a thoroughly ignorant and therefore unsympathetic audience. Those days saw the birth of "super melodrama," but it was a birth engendered by the direct necessity. Now, with our increasingly intelligent audiences and less emotional race, "super melodrama" is no longer even desirable, and we look back, even without taking into consideration the inexorable passage of time and the changes wrought therein, and wonder why former producers were reduced to such apparently debased measures in procuring and holding their audiences.

Miss Eileen Sterling and Mr. Barney Ringwood sustain the leading roles in the Sophomore production. These parts are extremely hard: they are emotional and dramatic. The words are the usual mixture of slang and attempted symbolism. For instance, out of a huge medley of vituperations there suddenly emerges a simile worthy of the gentlest poet in his gentlest moments. It is manifestly hard to give both the vituperations and the simile their intended worth. "Nance" (Miss Eileen Sterling) and "Jim" (Mr. Barney Ring-

wood) are people whose characters have been storm-swept by pretty nearly every evil influence imaginable and, further, have come off second best in the titanic struggle against such a battalion of the myrmidons of the Devil and Disaster. Upon Mr. Ringwood devolves the task of delivering a terrific monologue which is prompted by a train of thought palpably lacking in logical continuity, but nevertheless of the utmost moment in that it supplies the solutions to a host of little mysteries in the construction of the play which would otherwise be left unsolved. But Mr. Ringwood is equal to the task. He will make us sympathize with him although our consciences should never allow it. We will be sorry for him, in spite of his ungentelemanly behaviour, because he will persuade us that the world has been harder on him than it has on us. Miss Sterling is a tried actress, who will be remembered from the Spring Play of last year. She plays with admirable smoothness and, seeing that she does not permit any emotion to run away with her, she effects her changes in tone and tempo as would the most finished artist.

The third and last character in this show is the "Detective," played by Mr. Leo Kunelius. We candidly envy him this delightful role. It is exceptionally short, but very important. He does not appear until the very last moment of the action when murder, dope, schism, dishonour among thieves and sudden death are running riot and then, to the complete discomfiture of these servitors of Hell, he floods the entire atmosphere with a supreme measure of pity and pathos.

The Sophomore Dramatic Executive are indebted to Miss Daphne MacDonald for services rendered as a stolen and drugged child. Miss MacDonald plays the part to perfection: already craving for herself a niche in the high places only occupied by those whose services to the drama have been of the most outstanding worth. A drab setting and subdued lighting go to perfect the presentation of this show. It is essentially powerful throughout and will hold the audience in tense expectancy up to the very last moment.

**The Barrie Deluge**  
Since we are describing the plays in the order in which we have most recently been privileged to witness them, the Seniors are next on the list. Sir James Barrie's "Half-an-Hour," which they are presenting, is a clever play, but it cannot, on account of its plot, be said to appeal to us in the same way as "Mary Rose" or "Dear Brutus," which are by the same author. Whereas these two plays are whimsical and treat of pretty phantoms and strange emotions, "Half-an-Hour" deals with a stark reality. The dialogue, naturally enough, is not, by any means, bereft of the Barrie touch: the plot and construction are different from Sir James' usual type. This, however, is definitely not detrimental to the play: rather it seems to fit with astonishing exactitude. We may say that the action is summarized in a very few words. It concerns the rather extraordinary result of a rather ordinary escapade.

Miss Jean Morrison as "Lady Lillian Garson" is the centre around whom the remaining characters revolve, the chief among these being "Mr. Garson" (Mr. Tim Byrne) and "Dr. Brodie" (Mr. Art McLennan). Miss Morrison is rapidly bringing to perfection a very convincing portrayal of the character she represents. Her's is a hard part, demanding sudden alterations in demeanour, tone and mental attitude which must be very clearly delineated to ensure successful characterization. Miss Morrison has a very clear voice and a good, commanding presence, and these attributes, coupled with her steadily increasing appreciation of the demands made upon her by her part, can be relied upon to result in her giving us a really fine performance. Mr. Tim Byrne ("Mr. Garson") has all sorts of power. His characterization is excellent. He has assumed the responsibility of direction as well as sustaining a long part and his success in both departments will be a glowing tribute to his dramatic abilities. Mr. Art McLennan as "Dr. Brodie" carries the chief part insofar as the unravelling of the plot is concerned. Upon his words hang the doing or undoing of the play. Mr. McLennan, however, is putting over an excellent show, bringing off difficult changes with eminent success. These three characters are supported by five others, all of whom are doing full justice to their tasks. Mr. Carr ("Paton") is distinctly good, and Miss Kae Craig ("Susie") must need hear herself to her audience immediately. Jean Greig ("Mrs. Reading") and Bill Odynski ("Mr. Reading") are admirably suited to their parts, and can be relied upon to make the very best of them. The role of "Withers," the butler, is sustained very successfully by Mr. Pete Tingle.

There is a change of scene which will add considerably to the effect of

## HAMLET

(Continued from page 3)

"gothical act." They discuss delightfully scandalous rumours that have been abroad during the last two weeks about the private life of Elgar Herwing.

A business man complains that he couldn't get the latest notations via the radio. Now he would have to wait until tomorrow. What a nuisance!

Discussions are going on everywhere how and where one would spend the rest of the evening.

Fortinbras' last words still ring and echo through the room. But the rush "out" has already begun. Some enthusiasts applaud faithfully and dutifully. A critic sighs. "What a pity that Shakespeare is dead. You can't say much against him with the approved halo of classicism around him. I just feel like tearing him to shreds."

How lucky for Shakespeare to be dead!

I heard a sigh.  
Was it he who sighed?

SENIORS TAKE LOSING  
END OF 2-1 SCORE

(Continued from page 1)

through, Baird got him. Shoots again, Baird recovered. Grove through, King checks. Horne got King. Holy Nellie, Dooley made another phenomenal save. Horne shot wide. Klassen missed. Ross made grand kick to clear the puck. Put up a big kick, Dooley boy. Collingwood playing great hockey, nice backchecker. Grove to Power, forward. King and Tolle on, McConnell and Clements off. Game great and fast; boy, you should be here. Kinnear to Tolle, missed. Grove shot, but Dooley cleared. Purcell fastest skater on ice, nice player. Tolle lost it. Gibson, Hall and Kinnear shining. Roxborough attacks, lost to Hall. Imps forcing play and backchecking like fiends. Purcell to Jones, they're through. Dooley blocked. Gibson passed to Imps' goal mouth, missed. Power stopped by Gibson; Gibson missed another open goal. We're going to blindfold you, Don! Dooley made hair-raising save. Hall missed, and Power missed to Dooley. Hall seems upset about something. Grove and Power are the ones at fault, I believe. Purcell lost to Gibson. Imps backchecking in style. Hall stops

this play, especially as, in a play built upon a fabric of contrasts in dialogue, the two scenes are very vividly contrasted also. Mr. Austin Dobrey, stage manager to the Central Dramatic Executive, is in charge of the scenery, and Mr. R. H. Lee will control the switchboard. The backstage organization has reached an advanced stage of preparedness almost without precedent, so that the likelihood of the occurrence of any hitches or delays in connection with this or any other play has been brought to the irreducible minimum.

Last, but certainly not least, we come to the Junior production, "Barbara's Wedding," by Sir James Barrie. This play is under the very skilled direction of Mr. Albert Cairns. Mr. Cairns will be remembered in dramatic circles for his stellar performance in "Outward Bound," the Spring Play of 1930-1931, unfortunately withheld from public presentation owing to his indisposition, and also for his magnificent achievement in securing the trophy for the best actor in A. A. Milne's "The Boy Comes Home," the Freshman play of 1929-1930. This year also Mr. Cairns has appeared on the boards of the Empire Theatre, Edmonton, in "Death Takes a Holiday," by A. Cassello, presented under the auspices of the Edmonton Little Theatre.

Under such direction it stands to reason that the play will be of first rate order. The cast is made up of ladies and gentlemen who have the real appreciation of the theatre and all that it means right at heart, so that sympathetic work has been the order of rehearsal since the very beginning.

The play itself is typically Barrie. It is whimsical. It seems to wander down little lanes of fantasy, and then return suddenly only to make yet another excursion into yet another realm of the world of pure spirit. The words resemble the words of "Mary Rose" and possibly the words of "Half-an-Hour" in feeling and tenor. It is, in short, a play which most interest, must amuse.

Among the ladies in the dramatic personae we find Miss Priscilla Hammond sustaining the role of "Ellen." Miss Hammond can be relied upon for a very sympathetic performance, as can Miss Mary Cadzow, who is playing "Barbara." Mr. Gordon Newton and Mr. Bill King carry male leads, and very ably they do it. The part of the "Colonel" is a hard one, but it will receive the treatment it deserves from Mr. Newton. The gardener, "Dering," is in no way allied to the personality reproduced so faithfully every year about this time by Mr. Bert Coote, but is equally alluring in his characterization. The remaining parts, those of "Billy" and "Carl," are played by Mr. Cecil Jackman and Mr. Al East respectively. These two actors will round off a very smooth performance with finished ease, making this play extremely attractive.

It has been truly said that the Interyear Plays of 1931-32 are to be the best in years. More than one authority has made this forecast, and not without very good reason. From every point of view we are assured entertainment, and for those who desire it, a measure of dramatic education. So whatever you want, laughs or tears, emotion or straight farce, comedy or tragedy, you will get it, and it will be good.

Purcell. Ross stopped Grove's hot shot. Roxborough to Purcell. Dooley pulls another—another what? Grand save, you idiot! Tolle missed a close one. Hall to Klassen, missed. Tolle-ington playing like fiend. Grove shot, Ross saved cleverly. Gibson off. "Sugar-Beet" went through. Fred, if you only had more weight. Parks on, Parks is good. Power lost to Al. Al went right through, nearly scored. Tolle tried, missed—Oh, hell! Collingwood to Grove, scored in a skirmish. Tough, Dooley, not your fault.

Game is fast now. Tolle tried again, wide. Kinnear to Gibson was nearly in. Kinnear nearly scored. Poor Kinnear. He's a bright guy, though. Green off. Tolle-ington hooking well. Here goes Al: he's past the forwards, one defence to beat. He circles to right, he's past, he shoots, puck goes to upper right cage corner. The judge raises his hand. Varsity, it's a tying goal. Great guns, my voice is ruined. Good old Al. Come on, cheer leader, where are you? Three college boys "Rahs" for Cap'n Al Hall.

## Third Period

Power down, Dooley saved, another peach—I mean a peach of a shot. Time—1-1 in favor of Varsity.

Al checks Power. Purcell to Grove, nearly made it. Gibson shot, brought Baird to his knees. Al to Guy was wide. Tolle missed. Dooley stopped Grove's sizzler. Guy shot dead on, saved. Power off for dumping King. Jones tried, he's through, he missed. Close one too. Al to Guy was forward. McConnell shot, wide. Al to McConnell, checked by Collingwood. Jones missed from Collingwood. Grove lost to Kinnear; Guy lost to Power. Power to Collingwood, stopped. Al went through, but missed. King went through, but missed. Play exceedingly fast. Varsity forcing play. Gibson missed. Dooley stopped a hot one from Jones. Klassen brought Baird to his knees with a hot one. Tolle missed rebound. Dooley saved from Power. Tolle shot from side, wide by a couple of inches. Dooley saved; saved again from Grove. Klassen shot, mixup, but no score. Grove to Jones are through. Hall saves. Time out. Baird's losing his Hatchways. Guy shot wide. King missed. Al is through, but missed. Jones shot dead on Ross. Purcell off for spilling King. Fred and Tolle combine, missed. Ross pulls grand save when Power went through on top of him. King is through, shot wide; Baird saved two certain goals. Power rushes, King hooks, also getting Power's feet. Pretty neat, Fred. Collingwood is starring. Horne to Grove went right through, and—oh, dear mother, the boundaries scored.

## FOR BEST SERVICE

CALL

SCONA  
TRANSFER

L. A. Shean, Prop.

Phone 31703

10558 79th Avenue

## Jack Crawford

VARSITY BEAUTY  
PARLORPrivate Booths for Ladies  
and GentlemenWe specialize in Permanent  
Waving, Finger Waving and  
MarcellingPhone 31144 for  
AppointmentsMcDERMID  
PHOTOGRAPHS  
ARE  
JEWELSUse them as  
GIFTS

McDERMID STUDIOS LTD.

10133 101ST STREET EDMONTON



Great try, though fellows. They even had old Eagle Eye Ross beat. Now there's a fight. Fred is right through, shot; Power tripped him. Kinnear brought Baird out, great try but missed. Imps are stalling, one minute to go. Whole Varsity team is down to Imps' end. Tolle shot, wide. Open goal. Fred shot, forced to corner, passed to centre, nobody there. Time. Game's over.

Well, folks, that's the story. We've been trying to mend our language as a general move on the students' part to become Sunday School kiddies and help the discipline in this damn country. Hope you notice this.

## NOTICE

The last parliamentary debate before Christmas will be held in the Men's Common Room on Thursday, Dec. 10th, at 8:15. The subject to be debated is "Resolved that Canada United States of America." The leaders will be: Affirmative, Vic Gowan; Negative, Eddie McCormick. Also, at the meeting, a straw vote will be taken to assist the members of the Debating Executive in choosing the members for the debating teams.

One only Banjo Uke and Case, was  
\$47.00—Now \$18.00 Cash  
**JONES & CROSS, Ltd.**  
Next to Journal  
10014 101st St. Phone 24746

N. H. Young's  
Xmas SaleOF  
QUALITY  
JEWELRYUNEQUALLED VALUES IN  
WATCHES, DIAMONDS,  
SILVERWARE, JEWELRY,  
NOVELTIESGifts to suit every purse  
**N. H. Young Ltd.**  
10164 101st StreetA MERRY XMAS AND A  
HAPPY NEW YEARThe Henrietta  
Style Shoppe

10306 Jasper Ave. West

Nothing makes a bigger appeal to the heart of any woman at Xmas than to put on a becoming dress chosen by a loved one, be it father, husband or sweetheart.

Come in and see us. We will help you choose.

We only carry the newest, and we sell for less.

PERSON ATTENTION GIVEN  
TO EVERY CUSTOMER

## SENIOR HOCKEY GAME

SOOPS vs. VARSITY

at

Varsity Rink

Saturday Evening, 8:30

Athletic Tickets or 50c



WE DELIVER

Phone 25204

107th St. and Jasper Ave.

DON'T GAMBLE—Play safe WITH GUARANTEED FABRICS.

We handle nothing but the best and make the finest in Gent's Clothes

## THE COSMO' TAILORS

Telephone 24041

10218 101st Street, Edmonton

Uniformity of Year Book Photos  
Convenience of the Studio  
Satisfaction of Pleasing Portraits at  
**THE UNIVERSITY STUDIO**  
Make Your Appointment Today

## St. Joe's Cafeteria

Every night our patronage increases.

COME OVER WITH THE CROWD TO

"The Campus Tuck Shop"

## SPECIALS THIS WEEK

FRIDAY NIGHT	Cream of Tomato Soup	10c
MONDAY NIGHT	Chili Con Carne, with crackers	15c
TUESDAY NIGHT	Choice of Toasted Sandwiches	10c
WEDNESDAY NIGHT	Apple Pie a la Mode	10c
THURSDAY NIGHT	Fruit Salad, Bread and Butter, Coffee	15c

DROP IN AFTER SKATING

## This Merry Christmas

A New Standard of Giving is Made Finer,  
Easier at EATON'S!

Holly, mistletoe and bells! Tinsel and gay wrappings! Again the jolly Christmas theme—again the numbering of the day—again an added score of services "at your service" at EATON'S.

Remember the Gift Secretary? Were you among the hundreds who came to her for aid in the planning and buying of gifts last year? Was your society or organization among the dozens for whom she and her competent staff shopped for hosts of tiny gifts, no matter how small the price? Again she makes her bow, offering this popular and practical service.

No problem of gift giving is too large or too small to receive careful attention from the Gift Secretary.

Every gift purchased in this way will be made gay and Christmassy if you so wish, with bright seals and tags and wrappings. The Secretary is as near as your phone—9-1-2-8-6. Her office is on the Second Floor, Annex.

**T. EATON CO. LIMITED**  
EDMONTON CANADA